

Sequachee Valley News.

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SEQUACHEE, TENN., THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1920

NO. 49

CHATTANOOGA CHURCH PICNIC

Special Train Brings Many
Visitors Thursday.

DAY PERFECT IN INCIDENTS

The Whiteside Street M. E. Church, South, of which W. K. Triplett, formerly of this county is pastor, picnicked here Thursday. A special train of five coaches, fairly well filled, brought the excursionists here at the reasonable rate of \$1.25 for the round trip. The train left Chattanooga at 8:30 a. m. and arrived here at 10:30.

Immediately on arrival the excursionists went to the cool precincts of the Blowing Spring, the great attraction of the extremely hot day, the sun blazing with fierce heat. At noon dinner was spread from the baskets brought, beneath the trees.

At 2 p. m. a ball game was played between the locals and the crack South Chattanooga team, the home team being defeated 14 to 12. The game was closely contested the Chattanooga boys finally breaking a tie and getting two ahead in eighth. Rain in middle of game, a slight shower made the ball slippery and caused the run column to be accelerated more than it should have been. It was the first game of the season here and greatly enjoyed by the people.

Report goes that the county authorities collected a license from the manager of the stand in connection with the excursion as well as extra money for automobile expense in connection therewith, and it has caused comment. Anyway it made the management disgusted with Marion county hospitality, and he characterized it as "fee-grabbing right."

Also wildcat liquor probably from our local still in the mountains caused incivility to a lady with the result that the manager of the excursion hastened in search of the county sheriff. What the result was the News is uninstructed but at any rate there is lots of talk over the episode.

A report emanating from some excursionists just before the train pulled out for Chattanooga that a man lay dead in the woods near town. This also raised considerable excitement, which was soon allayed when it was learned it was only a citizen of the county who is endeavoring to kill himself on liquor made out of lye, sugar and lemon extract. Police arrest such cases in Chattanooga, and the excursionist did not know what to make of it, but that is nothing for Marion county with booze in every direction.

The train pulled out for Chattanooga at 5:15 p. m., with the excursionists, all apparently nice people, church members presumably, and this was the end of a perfect day in Sequatchie. Local stores did a nice business, and for the sake of the prosperity of the town our citizens generally would be glad to have many other excursions here during the season, but the management of this particular excursion seems to have got a poor opinion of the place, which is regretted by all sensible citizens.

Your orders solicited for
good job printing.

UNCLE TOM'S LETTER

Editor News:

"All is quiet on the Potomac tonight."

Wonder how many know the origin of the above. Well, children, when the Yankees and rebels were facing each other, the Potomac river divided these hostile forces. The sentinels or pickets would report all quiet. You see, young folks each army had scouts all along the line to report any hostile movement that might occur, and often it was passed down the line, "All is quiet along the Potomac to-night."

Scouts were considered the eyes of the army, and they generally were men who could be trusted in any and all emergencies.

Sam Davis was a scout, but rated as a spy because he refused to betray the one who secured for him the information concerning the federal forces at Nashville. Many gallant men have given up their lives rather than betray a trust reposed in them. A friend of mine refused to recognize me one time when the Yankees were all around me. I never shall forget the incident. I had just passed the Yankee pickets and felt I was out of danger when lo and behold! twelve or fifteen Yankees rode up with one of my company a prisoner. He had the forethought and the nerve not to look at me or give me the slightest recognition. I felt mighty small for I was quite a noted scout of the Confederate Army, as the older people of Cannon county and Rutherford County and Middle Tennessee knows.

I often wonder what ever possessed me to boldly venture inside the lines at Murfreesboro. I have concluded it was for lack of sense. Major H. L. Preston wrote the Daughters of the United Confederate Veterans concerning my soldierly qualities and referred to some of my daredevil acts. I saw the letter and asked the major why he wrote the D. U. C. V. such. He said it was the truth.

I told him I was no braver than the other boys. All the difference was they had more sense than I had. I never in all my life understood why I was so headlong and made myself so conspicuous when on a march or on a scout or in a battle. I don't regard physical bravery worth a pinch of snuff, but I do regard moral bravery as one of the greatest attributes a man can have. I think he is a hero worthy of emulation. It sickens me when men are applauded for their heroism. Not many real heroes relish such. The very

"The Tire Trouble Hospital"

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THE HOME PAPER

It's like a smiling friendly face,
It's like a voice you long have known,
You see it in some distant place
And rush to claim it for your own.
The paper from your old home town
Has bridged the long and weary miles
And with it you can settle down
Among familiar tears and smiles.

It speaks for every friend you know,
It tells of scenes you yearn to see;
It brings back joys of long ago
And tells of joy that is to be.
And as you run its columns o'er
Your yesterdays come trooping back;
You fancy you're at home once more,
And golden seem the letters black.

Its speech is one you understand.
It tells of griefs that you can share,
It brings you, in that foreign land,
Glad messages to banish care.
There, among scenes and faces strange,
The old home paper seems to be
The faithful friend that doesn't change,
A friend that you are glad to see.

I know not just what heaven is like,
Nor just what joys beyond life's tide
Await for me, when death shall strike
And I shall reach the other side.
But this I know when I have gone
To dwell in realms divinely fair,
My soul will yearn to look upon
The old-home paper over there.

—WHO?

idea of killing men is disgusting to our better selves.

The story of a soldier's life is one people like to read, but when it comes to the moral hero, one with the grit and courage to say no or yes, they don't applaud him, yet he or she does more for the uplift of the human family than your physical hero does. Heroes are really moral cowards. He is so afraid of being called a coward that he is ready to resent physically the least insult.

What the world needs most today is moral heroes. Brave heroic men and women that are not afraid to do the right and stand for right in the face of opposition. We've an element among us that are so full of poison against the law of the land that they actually hate and despise everyone who favors the enforcement of the law. The liquor element hopes to win out by voting for and electing men who favor them and their nefarious conduct.

They are continually nagging at the prohibition people. Sumnerfield is infested with a lot of notorious naggers that would almost give their soul salvation to drive Jerd Ayler out of the community. I am fearful they will keep on with their nagging tactics until something serious happens. They have been told to let the boy alone, and there is no danger. That element was never known to do the right thing.

The majority of the people are getting mighty sore over bootlegging methods. This mountain has as good and honorable people as lives, but, unfortunately there are enough of the whiskey element to keep up strife and confusion, and make us all appear in a bad light before our neighbors. True there is not much drinking among the workingmen and the companies do not sanction the liquor gang at all.

The best elements are in favor of the law. These are the heroes of the mountain and the nagging element can't bulge them.

Again, let us all strive for the best things possible and lift our community above the despicable

liquor element.

I appreciate the many kind letters I see in the News. Of course there is some silly, foolish stuff, but as a whole they will pass muster. Do your best to help improve the morality of the people and come on

Uncle Tom.

OLD VALISE RENDERS HISTORY

An old valise in the possession now of Mat Pryor of Whitwell, rendered up some history this week. It was examined as to its contents by W. S. Pryor, manager of the Farmers Supply Co., Jasper. Among other things was found a letter written in 1846 by a brother of his grandfather, who was about to return from the war with Mexico. He did not return however but died while en route of fever, but the old valise was sent to his relatives and it has been unopened for years until its contents were forgotten. In this letter the writer speaks of the building of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis railroad from Nashville to Chattanooga, and his remark that it "undoubtedly would mean much towards the advancement of Sequatchie Valley" shows that even in that day there were people who looked forward for every move of the kind as one to make things better.

On Outing Trip.

The following from Chattanooga arrived Saturday evening on an outing: Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Royer, Mrs. L. G. Wilmot, Miss Katharine P. Sully, Mrs. F. E. Houtz, Messrs. Clifton P. Wright, George W. Houtz and John D. Houtz. They are making headquarters at Wannalancet Lodge, the property of the Scofield family, but incidentally rambling all over the section, accompanied by the two dogs, Rover and Speck, who have adopted them, or vice versa. They expect to return to Chattanooga Saturday.

Mrs. L. C. Snyder, a very prominent lady of Chattanooga, will join the campers tomorrow.

John Leland is ill with malarial fever.

S. H. ALEXANDER, Pres. OFFICERS: T. G. GARRETT, Vice-Pres.
F. A. KELLY, Cashier

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We Want Your Business

WALTER LOVE

A CANDIDATE

Walter Love of So. Pittsburg, authorizes us to announce him as candidate for the office of trustee of Marion, subject to the will of democratic party. Mr. Love was here Thursday and could not resist his old time proclivities towards baseball to help the locals at second base. He has been in a number of conflicts on the local diamond and was always a good clean player. Besides this he has been the centre of several excellent amateur dramatic aggregations which have happened this way from So. Pittsburg. He is a Marion boy from heel to top of head, born and reared in the county, and an excellent young man in every way. He is a moulder by trade and a member of the moulder's union. He has nothing but friendly feeling toward the republican candidate, esteems him highly, but feels that a candidate is needed for the office out of his party, and accordingly casts his gauntlet into the arena. Everybody who knows him likes "Whitey," as he is popularly called, and there is no doubt that many friends will rally to his support in August.

The South Pittsburg Hustler has the following to say regarding Mr. Love's candidacy:

"Mr. Love in coming before the voters of the county brings with him an unblemished record as a democrat and a citizen; he is a lifelong resident of the county, twenty-nine years of age, and married and if elected would bring all his abilities to the office which he would fill. Mr. Love is a moulder by trade, and is employed at the H. Wetter Mfg. Co. He has a wide circle of friends in the county who will wish him success in his political aspirations."

Rudd-Downing.

Mr. and Mrs. Leighton Knight Downing, of South Pittsburg, announce the engagement and upcoming marriage of their daughter, Dorothy, to Dr. Harold A. Budd, of Cleveland, O. The wedding will take place Saturday, June 26, at five o'clock at Christ Episcopal church, South Pittsburg, Tennessee. At home, after August first, in Cleveland, Ohio.

We want your support,

Ramey-Cannon.

Victoria, Tenn., June 17.—The home of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Cannon was the scene of a beautiful home wedding Thursday morning, June 10, when Miss Ruth Cannon and Mr. H. H. Ramey were united in marriage by the Rev. A. F. Phenix of Jasper. The home was beautifully decorated with ferns and roses. The bride wore a beautiful suit of navy blue poiree twill with accessories to match, her flowers being bride roses and sweet peas. They left immediately after the ceremony for a trip north stopping in Chicago, a lake trip to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Washington, D. C., and by way of Pittsburg, Pa., where they will visit the bride's sister, Mrs. C. P. Bridges.

The bride is a very popular young lady and will be missed by her many friends. The groom is a prominent business man of Oakdale, Tenn. They will be at home after July 1 to their many friends in Oakdale, Tenn.

First Motor Trip.

W. R. Turner drove the first trip to the Big Ridge on Cumberland mountain and return Friday testing the caterpillar tractor of the Hedrick Coal & Lumber Co. He left here at one o'clock with trailer attached and arrived about seven with 1100 feet of lumber, about half a load. Accompanying him were Laurence Fultz and Hub Wells. Larger loads will be hauled later. The roads were muddy from the rain and the machine was loaded with mud.

Mrs. Mary Forrester.

Mrs. Mary Forrester died at the home of her son, Thos. Forrester, Jasper, Friday, following a stroke of paralysis sustained some time ago. She was 86 years old. Interment was made Saturday. Another son is Oscar Forrester, of Jasper.

Church Notices.

W. L. Dykes, Bethel—Sunday School 9:30; preaching 10:45; Sequatchie 7:45.

A. F. Phenix, Whitwell—Sunday School 10:00; preaching 11:00 and 8.

J. H. Pritchard, Looney's Creek, 11:00.

A. R. PRYOR, Inc.

AGENTS

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